

VALENTINES DAY SPECIAL

Dear HAMPSHIRE,



Love,
OMEN

VOLUME 42
ISSUE 2

WHAT'S OUR VALENTINE?:

Grace Willey - floppy disks

Jonathan Gardner - THE MONOLITH

Isaiah Mann - Naked Evan Silberman

Jesse Ide - the spirit of anarchy

B Corfman - antibabypillen

Devin Morse - Hasn't it been about ten seconds since we looked at our lemon tree?

Hamlet Cooper - Richard M. Nixon

F. Stewart-Taylor -



Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or Jonathan Gardner, Box 1203.

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

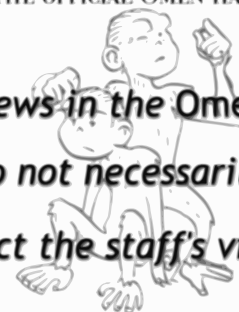


THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



Front cover by Jonathan Gardner
Back cover submitted by Tasya Abbot

EDITORIAL

Jonathan Gardner

I have to write one of these every issue now? Uggghhh, nobody told me being editor was going to be so much EFFORT.

As I write this it's about midnight in the Airport Lounge, and I should probably be doing schoolwork instead. I don't really have any specific topic to talk about, so here's a bunch of loosely related ramblings. (Y'all will soon learn that I am not as funny as FSTEWZ, sorry.)

The Omen hosted a bad erotica reading last Friday! Highlights included hearing the same excerpt from famed Viking time travel story "Rough and Ready" twice, a mildly uncomfortable threesome between Frodo, Sam, and Harry Potter, the sexiest velociraptor DNA known to dinosexologists, and an original work with a steamy romance between literary giants (wink wink, nudge nudge) Ernest Hemingway and Oscar Wilde, which the author should definitely consider submitting here to The Omen. The event was actually much more successful than I expected it to be, which was great, but unfortunately in my lack of foresight I didn't reserve the Tavern for all that long, so we ended up having to put a time cap on readings. Sorry to everyone I had to cut off that night!

But that brings me to my next point, which is how the Prescott Tavern is never fucking open and you have to jump through all these hoops to use the space. Look, Hampshire—I get you have nice stuff in there and you're worried that people will break it or steal it or something. But come on—one of the biggest issues on campus is the lack of student-centered spaces, and I'm sure given the choice between slightly cushier furniture and somewhere to hang out or do homework besides the library and Bridge, most students would choose the second one. I lived in Prescott my second year, and I know I would've

loved to spend more time there if that had been an option. We're spending all this money on the barn project and making a new campus portal, which is fine, but why not do something with the Tavern while we're at it?

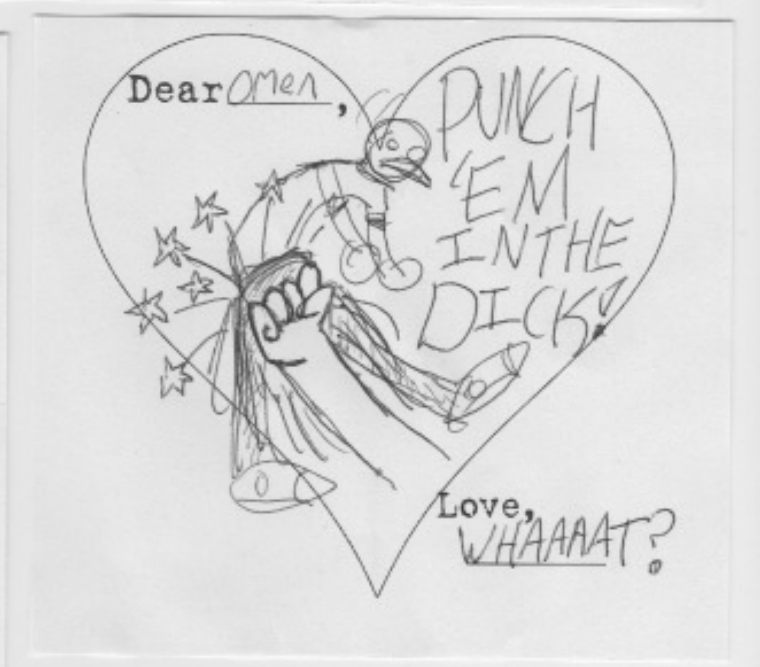
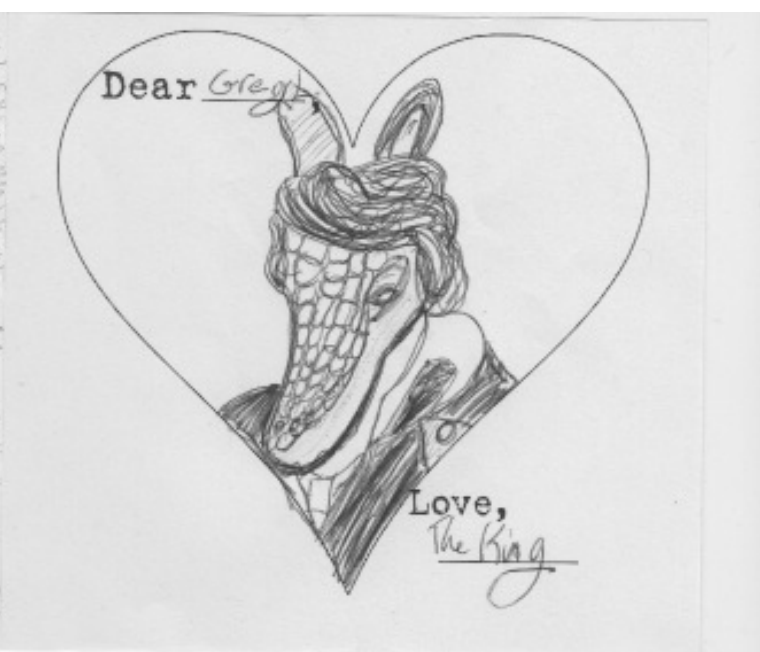
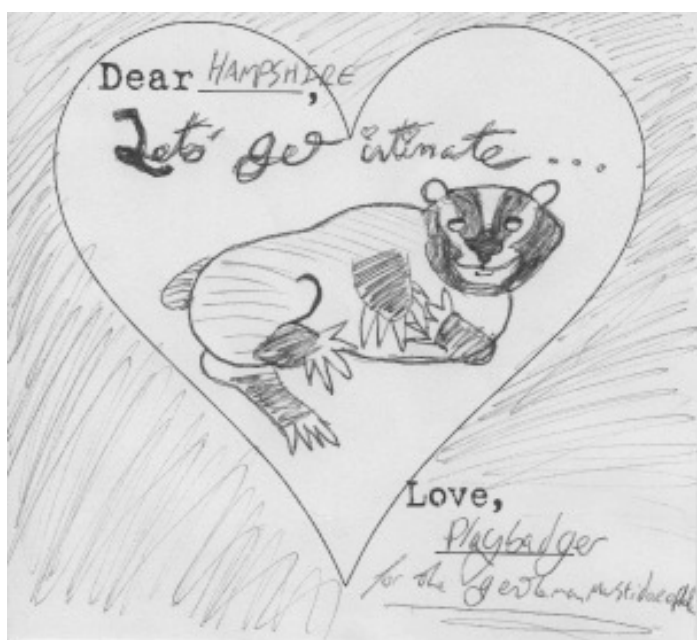
Something completely unrelated: a few people have made some comments on how we should stop printing the Elvidillos. First: fuck you they're hilarious. Second: I had originally planned for them to stop with the last issue of last semester, then with this past issue. If no one had commented on them, they would've disappeared! But since people are becoming increasingly vocal about them, they need to stay at least for the rest of this semester. It's just a matter of principle. You have no one to blame but yourself, mystery icuhampy poster. You have no one to blame but yourself. May you have nightmares of endless walls of weird armadillos who are also Elvis for some reason, a labyrinth of lies with no escape.

<3

-Jonathan Gardner, editor

Section:

Omentines



Dear _____



The
Omen
Loves
You

Love, _____

Dear JGAR, D

You

R

A

Hunk

Love, _____

amen

Dear Omen,

Signers past, present, and future,

YOU ARE ALL SUPER
COOL AND THE
BEST.

Love, _____

J.G.

Dear

SUBMIT



Love

EXECUTE
THE STUDENTS!

Dear Jeff Goldblum



Love, ah, love, ah, uh,
Love Kinds a way.

- Jeff Goldblum

Dear Omen, MAN

Shalom!

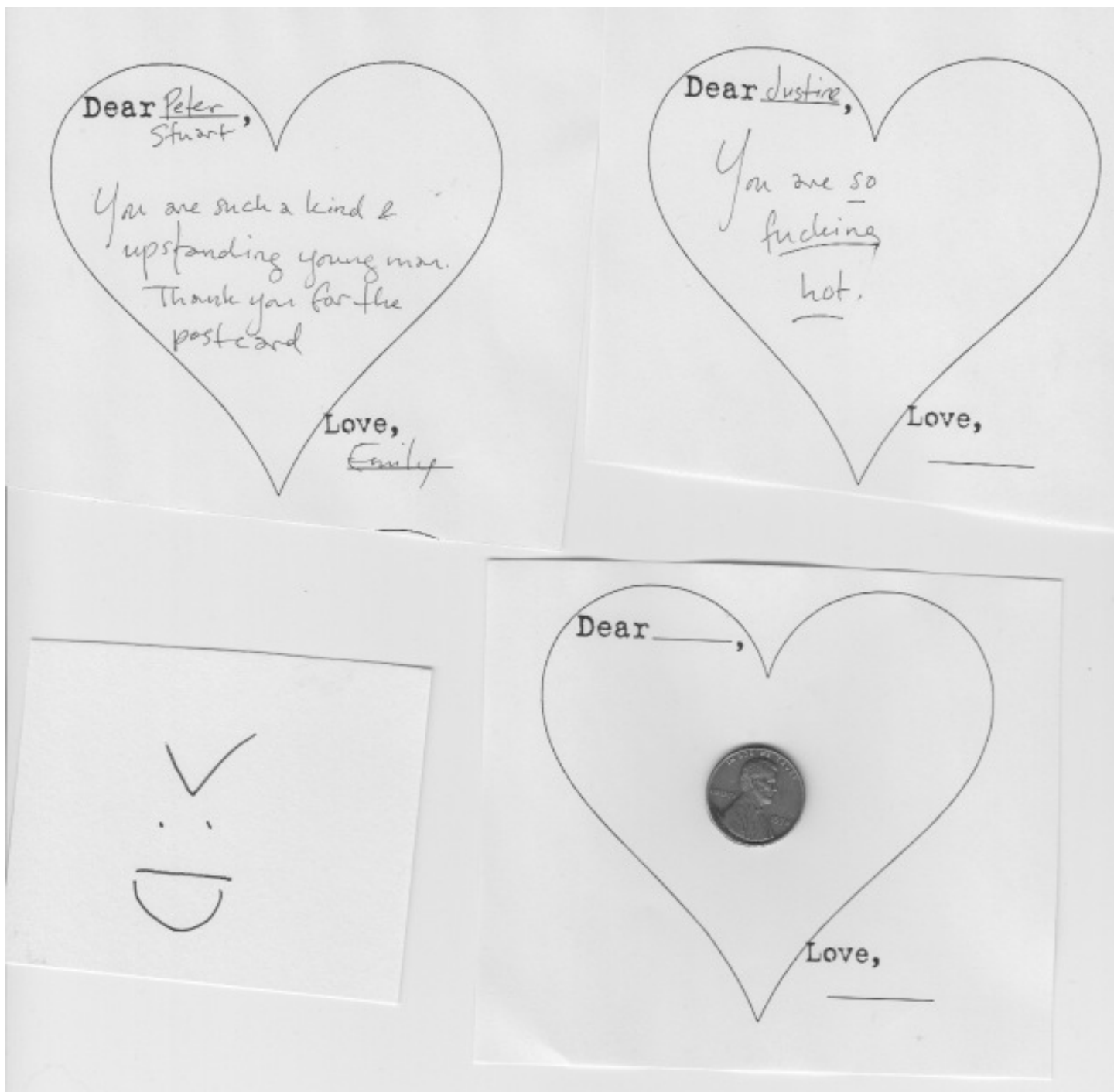
Mitvah'

MPS at TDV

Love, _____

Mom

Section: Valentines



Dear Kate,

I ate your
cookie.

Love,
Kira

Dear E Robot,

plz notice
me

Love,
youngest
daughter

Dear ISAAK,
PREISS

i will love
you
forever

Love,
Annie B

Dear John,

You're a dashing
stud who puts up
with all my bullshit.
I can't imagine
anyone else
that great.

Love,
Your
Moonrate

Dear _____,

Love, _____

Love, _____

Love, _____

Dear Olivia,
Biller

You are the blackberries
of summer and the
bare trees of
winter and
I love
you

Love,
Justine

Dear JUNEBUG,

you are 2 QT
and you can
tickle my feet
NETIME.

also you
stink

Love,

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SERVE THE MONO'

Dear Bon, Appetite

Thanks for
Self-swipe
- Broke Alum

Love,

Dear Hampshire College

I just can't
quit you-
an Alum

Dear _____,

Milton
Friedman

Love,
me

Dear Quinn,

You're lovely and
I love you

Love,
Banda &

Dear Claymen,

Sholnfetau staulethnah
KALEHTH!

Love,

ME

Dear Mitchell,

I'LL ALWAYS LOVE
YOU.

YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE
I'M LIVING A
TEENAGE DREAM



Love,

DARREN CRISS

(or Traci, but probably Darren)

Dear Lukas,

yf Neat!
Let's Dance!

Love,

J

Dear Traci,

We're breaking
FREE

Love,

Zetron

Dear J+L(41),

I WOULD BE LOST
WITHOUT YOU.
YOU'VE *TOUCHED*
MY ♥

xoxo

Love,

C

Dear Samuel,

You are yummy.

You seem to
be an asshole.

Love,

me

Dear ~~Super~~,
Mum,

I have missed your love
over the last 8 months.
Chit chit. Say make make.
Love you!

Love,
Baby
girl Love,

Dear ~~Amey~~,

1014

Have tons of fun at your Latin
American Conference. Don't let
those dickheads turn you against
me.

Love,


Peluso

people who
Dear ~~didn't~~
get a Valentine today,

There are a million and one
compliments I've never been brave
enough to say. Your Valentine's
stuck in the heart of the
person with a shaky
voice.

Love,

Abby

Dear ,

Luv
Stay Y'all!
Cool!

Love,

SOZ

Dear ~~Gardiner~~,

I'd throw bread
for you

Love,

Josh Hutcherson

Dear ~~Chelsea~~,

I'm not
Jay

Love,

Mitch

Dear Danny,

I Love you
oodles of
gluten-free
noodles

Love,
Princess
Stephanie

Dear Kira
Decoudres

I love your
bitchass,
baby, you
my
baby

Love,
Kate

Dear Pam Tinto,

LET THEM
EAT DOUGHNUTS!

Love,
Those who wait
for eight

Dear Riv,

why you
gotta be this
way?

Love,
Ben

Dear _____,

BABY GOATS,
COME TO THE
HAMPSHIRE
FARM

Love,
XXX

Dear _____,

you are
the shirt!

Love,
Adrian

Dear Henry VIII,
I've lost
my head
over
you!



Love,
Annie B.

Dear Alex,
LOTR

I have a friend
with
you.

Love,

Dear GABE, ^{ROSS}

You're my NUMBER
#1 RIGHT BEHIND
GABE DOSS.
BE MINE!

Love,
SAKE
LYATR

Dear Derek,

What year are you?

You are very
attractive

Love,
Seac

Dear tall boy,
purple hair

you are 2 cool
u make me drool
no fool
stay in school
cool

Love,
grandma

Dear Celibacy,

It's over.

Love,
you know

Dear Job,

I want you
so bad
♡

Love,
Conne

Dear Kate,

You my main bitch.

Love,
Kira

Dear yellow,
watch

Besame mucho.

No.

Love,
pokemon

Dear pyjama
pants

ur a bottle
of Tabasco
sauce

Love,
winnipeg

Dear Christy,

You are a lovely
person.

Love,
A friend

Dear Sedona,

Sometimes you smell
like my grandma.
It's cute

Love, Your
Secret admirer

Dear You,



Love,
Sexy Button Man

Dear Bilah,

... magnificent potatoes...
... with your
BROOMSTICK...
... so smart...



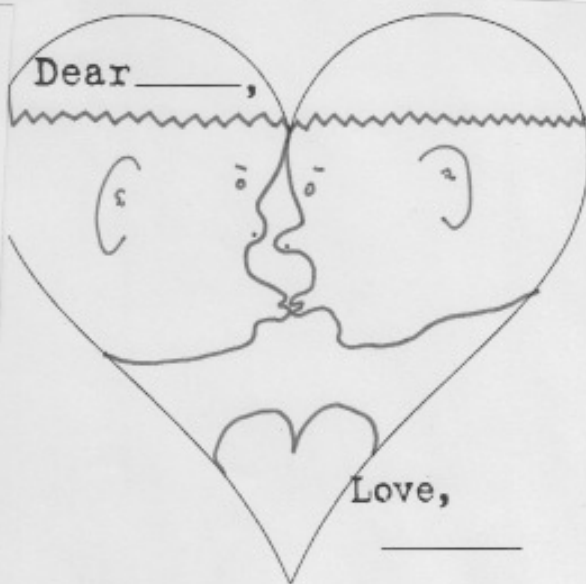
Love,
Draco

Dear _____,

*you are
the shit*

Love,

Dear _____,



Love,

Dear Beautiful Perfect Scientist,

I think you
are just
neat.



Love,
A Subversive
radio host

Dear Jenny

I love you
only

♥
M

Love,
YVR

Dear GWB,

You sexy

Love,
Obama

Dear World,

I ♡ U

Love,
Mimi

Dear U.S.A.,



Do the
C.R.E.E.P.
(haaaah)

Love,
R. Nixon

Dear TREAT,

WE LOVE YOU!
JUST GIVE
US A
CHANCE!!

Love,
LAQLES

Dear _____,

♡
SIMBA mufasa

+
monkey pokie
buff bomb

Awes.... yo! bitch!
yo!

Love,
Butthead

Dear MK,

I love you a lot.
You're like a moon beam
in a wood which
houses a fairy
stronghold by
the forest
Spring

Love,
Your nerd Neko
lan

Dear _____,

JAKE

LICHER

Love, Kid yung

Dear IAN,

I LIKE You EVEN
THOUGH You ARE
A COMMUNIST

Love,
MAR/
KATE

Dear you,

MAKE A

MOVE.
COME
ON.

Love,

Dear John,
Marty,

Two. Both. Wicked.
Chill. For Sure.

I ♥ U

Love,
googie

Dear Roberta



YOU
ARE
MISSED

Love,
Hampshire

Dear Rebecca,



I LOOOOOVE
YOU
REBBELAAA

Love,
catling

Dear _____,
Satsuki
Kiryuin

step on
me

Love,
Kak

Dear Tanet,

let me lay you
down at the foot
of a rose bush and
be your baby's father
tonight.

Love,
Tam Lin

Dear Satan,

I love you and
your dark essence
that fills this world
with darkness &
hate, bng live
the dark
lord

Love,
Your Humble
Servant

Dear Social, Justice

WE

Love,
me!

Dear Muki,

I love you more
than chocolate.

Love,

^{C3 &}
Dear C4,

You are the best, most
staggeringly angelic
residents an intern
could ask for.
Stay rad.

Love,
Emily

Dear Dads,

You are so beautiful &
thoughtful. Thanks for
teaching me how to
make my eyeballs
shudder. I
love the new
power to
honorify.

Love,

Emily

Dear Tomcat,

I want to write sweet
things on your breasts
forever.

Love,

Dear Keppy,

You're the only puppy
I want

Love,

beaniebott

Dear _____,

Grumpy
Cat

Love,

Dear _____,

Max Roth,

I think you are
beautiful and
wish you smiled
more.

Love,

a secret admirer

Dear Emily,

You are the snow
to my moonlit
walk.

Love,

Justice

Section: SPEAK

Dearest Omen,

Thanks for putting that terribly confusing, yet eventually clear as the waters of the small Hampshire pond on the perilous road to Health Services, clarification on the bottom of the Monolith next to my submission where you vaguely (yet justifyingly) referred to my name. I had to re-read it only 6 times to understand what was happening there.

ValentinesDayisCapitalistandDepressing,

Xavier A. Torres

Dear Xavier,

No problem! We exist for the specific purpose of making dumb jokes that are as vaguely irritating and confusing, yet eventually understandable as possible.

Keep submitting!

<3

Omen

(Jonathan Gardner)

Because I'm Sick of Looking at the Fucking Armadillos by Anna Domingos

Alright people, I'm going to lay some truth on you: the Omen's only as good as you make it. And granted, I haven't contributed much besides a spooky halloween doge meme, so I really shouldn't feel so entitled as to complain that the last few editions of the Omen contained pages and pages full of armadillos wearing suits. Well, consider this my contribution. I hope it's at least a little better to look at than armadillos.

I'm going to start off by saying, in the words of Mark Twain, "Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot." This article has no purpose. I mean it. None. It has no aim, no goal, I am basically just vomiting my thoughts onto a piece of paper and submitting it to the school magazine because fuck yeah free speech and fuck you suited armadillos. But first of all, what the hell, F Stewz?? How could you do this to us?? How could you write hilarious editorials, giving us great dramatic reading material to split our sides over in SAGA, nourishing trust and fondness and expectations for great things, only to leave us in the lurch in the December issue? If anyone reading this has watched "It's Always Sunny In Philadelphia," I feel like I've been D.E.N.N.I.S.ed. (For those of you who haven't watched it, (a) I highly recommend it, although trigger warnings for pretty much everything because it's hella irreverant, and (b) it stands for Demonstrate Value, Engage

Physically, Nurture Dependence, Neglect Emotionally, Inspire Hope, and Separate Entirely.) And okay, the metaphor isn't perfect because of the lack of physical engagement and sociopathy, but I see the signs. I'm guessing next you're going to come out with one encore editorial (inspiring hope), and then leave us for good and we never hear from you again. Ever. Well, I will expect this and I will not be wooed by it.

Alright fine you have shit to do. I get it. And this isn't a dig at J Gardz at all, who I'm sure will be a fantastic editor. But I'll miss you and your berating of first years about SAGA. You old cermudgeon.

Fun fact: This is fulfilling my new year's resolution of "Write every day," which I'm proud to say so far has been successful. Usually I write about, you know, SERIOUS things and TRY TO IMPROVE MY PROSE and POETRY, but honestly ranting in the Omen is a nice respite from drowning in metaphors. It just gets to a point where you feel like you're just substituting pretty language for something that could actually be said better just the way people normally say it, like making a sad vegan dessert. Just kidding, I actually really like vegan desserts. I don't know how you vegans do it, though. I guess I'd be okay with all my baked goods tasting like banana for the rest of my life, but seriously, where do you get your protein? Do you just eat nuts all day? And what if you're a vegan who's allergic to nuts, are you just screwed? Now that I think about it, did you even consider what a poor life decision you were probably making when you decided to become a vegan with a pre-existing nut allergy? I'm actually pretty interested in the answer to those questions so if any vegans out there want to answer them in their own article, please do, because more importantly I'm sick of looking at the fucking armadillos.

Inspiration by Connor Doyle

"The best time to photograph flowers, away from the controlled environment of the studio, is the early morning when they are freshest" -John Hedgecoe, The Book of Photography: How to See and Take Better Pictures

""A turkey vulture just soared so nearby I could see his eye' - Ann would wince if she knew I was reproducing her unintentional rhyme - "and hear his feathers rustle like a taffeta shirt" -Jeff Sharlet, Sweet Heaven When I Die: Faith, Faithlessness, and the Country In Between

"She had started to pant and her eyes were glazed as she crammed her mouth full of cake" -Bryce Courtenay, The Power of One

""No - we do not have a Star Trek Transporter yet - though I believe they're still working on it!" - Arthur C. Clarke, 3001: The Final Odyssey

"Harriet Beecher Stowe's pen once thundered with righteous indignation about slavery, but she was strangely silent about Florida's draconian Black Codes, calculated to bring a return to slavery in her adopted state" - Paul Ortiz, Emancipation Betrayed

"Karl Marx, it must be said, had more in common with Harpo, or McCarey, than with the hangdog provocateur played by Kinskey in Duck Soup" -Roy Blount Jr., Hail, Hail, Euporia!

"In other words, when there's a conflict, we'll use the names found by searching up from ListMenu: methods evalCommand and readCommand come from the ListMenu branch, so we get menu-based interaction" -Mark Lutz, Programming Python

"Sadness, trouble, anxiety, weight of cares, this new calamity of being obliged to flee by night and to seek a chance asylum in Paris for Cosette and himself, the necessity of adapting his pace to that of a child, all this without his knowing it, had changed Jean Valjean's gait, and

impressed on his bearing such and appearance of old age that the police, incarnate in Javert, could be deceived, and were" - Victor Hugo, Les Miserables

"We were two hundred and, to add to our numerical superiority, we were dumping a ton of high-explosive on them" - Philip Caputo, A Rumor of War

"My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?" -William Shakespeare, The Twelfth Night

"Farmers turned to cattle breeding, and the economic value of meat, milk, and other dairy produce soon rose; the cows quickly left the sheep and goats well behind" -Nancy Eekhof-Stork, The World Atlas of Cheese

"Even so, children eating their fried dough smelled the warming beans and were unhappy about it" -John Steinbeck, The Grapes of Wrath

"If you receive a ticket for a minor traffic violation, you are required to post bond in the form of cash, a bond card or a valid driver's license" -Sec. of State Jesse White, "Illinois Rules of the Road 2013"

"The horse is equipped for the day of battle, but victory is the Lord's" - Proverbs 21:31

TO: STUDENT LIFE OFFICE/CLA/
JLASH/HOO/BoT/HSU/5CCB/HEALTH
SERVICES
SUBJECT: THAT PUNGENT SMELL ON
CAMPUS
PRIORITY: HIGHER THAN EVER (!)

Studying at the Library, going to class, attending a student group, getting something at The Bridge, walking innocently around campus: It is inescapable. It is everywhere. It is invisible. And it is foully disgusting: Body Odor.

The Hampshire campus's real problem is this

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terrible curse bestowed upon us by students refusing to abide by social norms (or by hygienic considerations/compassionate behavior towards other students' nostrils). Studies have shown that body odor can indeed induce severe headaches, nausea, painful flinching, allergic reactions, and, yes, lower retention rates among students of liberal arts colleges.* If smoking is not allowed a certain distance from buildings, why should students be put under the merciless aroma of this more pervasive smell? **

And the worst part of it is that you really can't speak about it. It is taboo. The ever-present (nose-burning) elephant in the classroom. The omnipresent Voldemort of the Hampshire School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The murder witnessed by the Pink Panther. The old lady in Tom & Jerry. The Scooby Doo's silence towards the Shaggy of the 5 College Consortium.

I would like to propose education on this matter, an institutional commitment to the Divestment of B.O., an Orientation session on body odor (facilitated, of course, by Micia Mosely), or, better yet, an Annual Free Deodorant Day (a fine usage of our SAF, if you were to ask me).

May our Interns be ever in our favor,

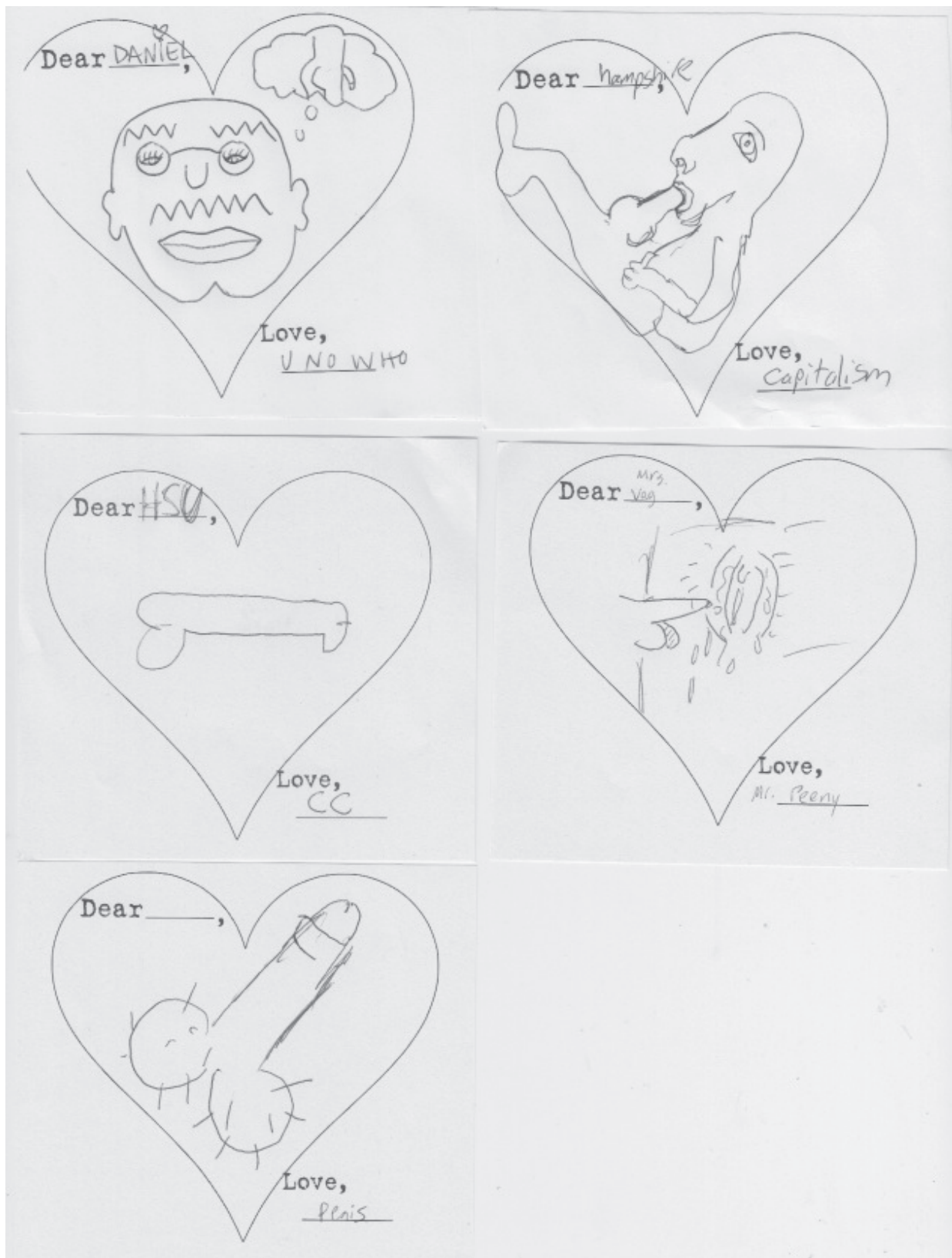
Xavier A. Torres de Janon

*See Douglas Adam's study on the Great Green Arkleseizure

**I am not requesting a 12-foot B.O. rule. That would be a bit too extreme. Or not. I leave it to your digression.

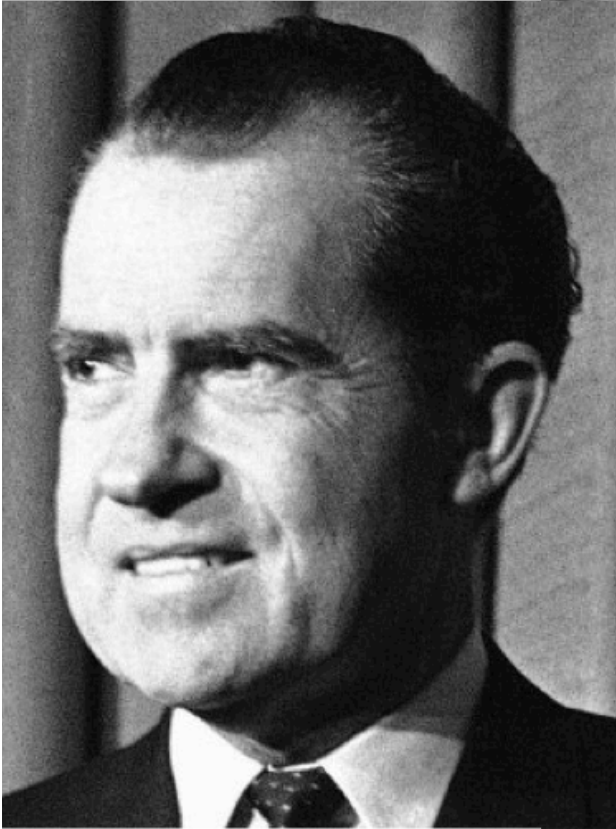


Section: Dicks



Section: NIXON

(submitted entirely by Tasya Abbot)



“Every day and every night I want to see you and be with you. Yet I have no feeling of selfish ownership or jealousy...” - LOVE LETTER EXCERPT FROM RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON



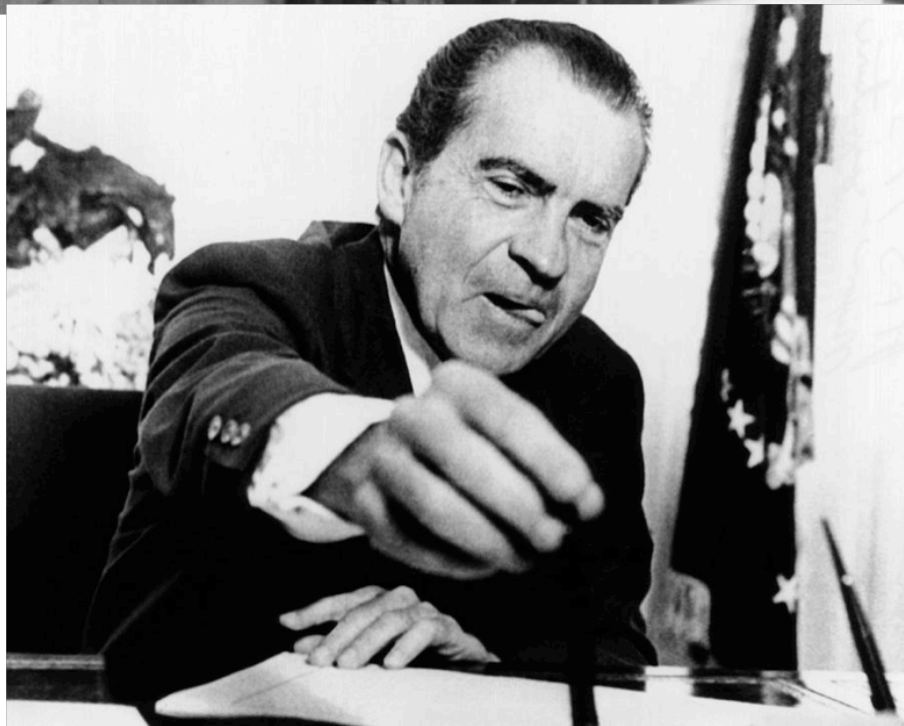
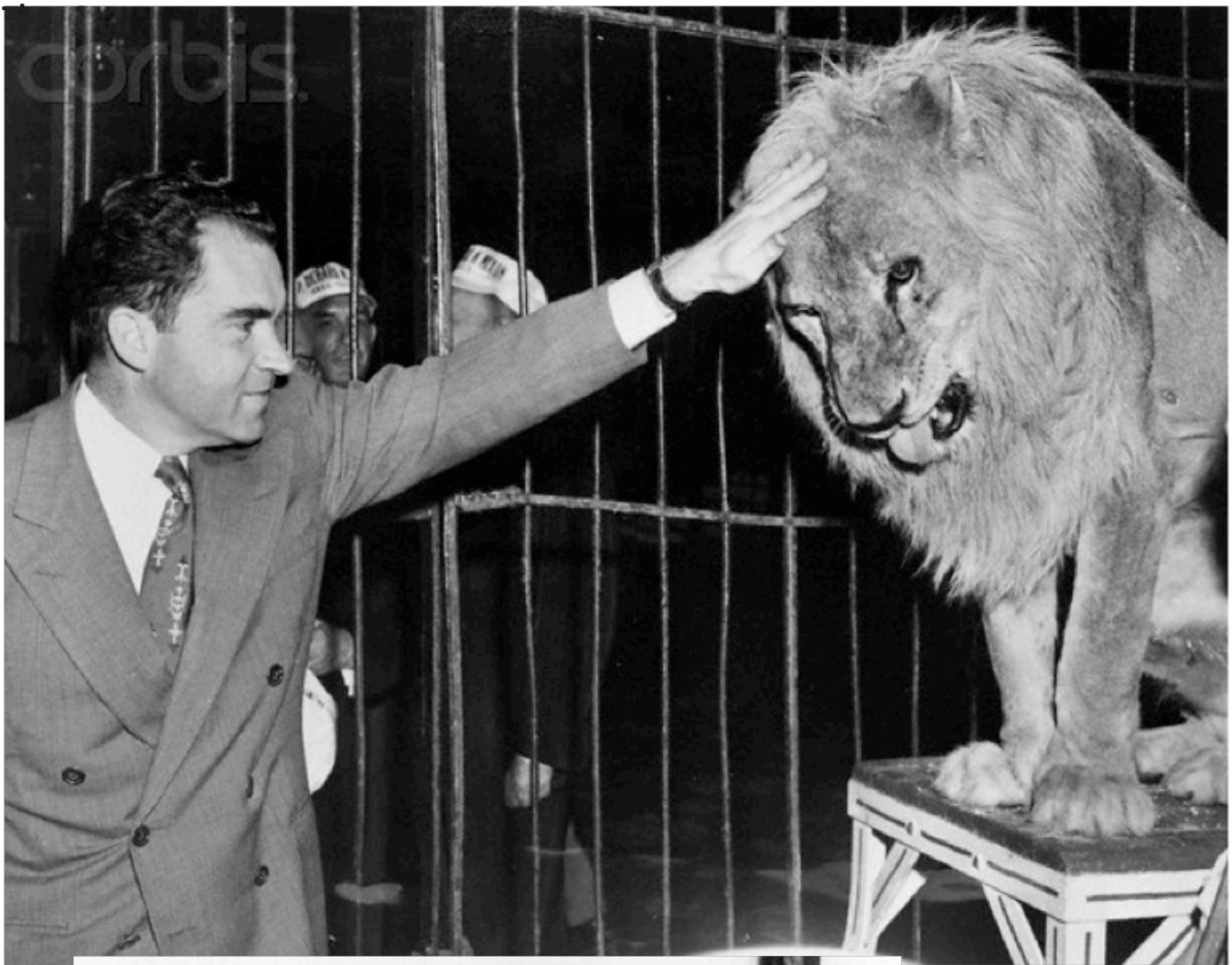
A TEST
is this
a) young richard nixon or
b) young voldemort.



ANSWER KEY:
we just don't know



"Let's go for a long ride Sunday;
let's go to the mountains
weekends; let's read books in
front of fires; most of all, let's
really grow together and find the
happiness we know is ours." -
MORE SUPER CUTE NIXON LOVE
LETTERS





The armadillo in the omen is not funny, and ceased being funny the second time it was printed. Now its just a waste of paper

5:26 PM Fri, Feb 07, 2014

